

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

RECEIVED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS -  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Vol. 52

No.

2

JULY, 1919

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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 2

THE tractor may have come, but the farm horse has not gone. Thousands of them are still seen drawing plow and harrow over the vast western ranches where grows so much of the food that feeds the world.

YOU can interest most people in humane education if you can get at them. Multitudes think nothing about it because they know nothing about it, or understand little of its meaning or significance.

THE high price of beef is forcing western ranchmen to a much better care of their cattle. One ranchman owning 30,000 acres, engaged solely in raising cattle, told us his loss the past year was not over one per cent. Last winter the Canadian Government furnished free transportation for hay to all ranchmen needing it for their herds.

THERE are innumerable acres of land in the far West that are composed of little but volcanic ash. The average New Englander, knowing nothing of this soil, would pass it by as hardly worth consideration. But give it water and it will raise pretty nearly everything that grows. It is so with many people. Let the light flow in upon the wastes of ignorance and there is no harvest you may not gather.

IT was a comfort to find, in a recent visit to the Chicago stock-yards, that in one large abattoir at least all the calves slaughtered, except those killed by the Kosher method, were stunned before the use of the knife. This is a marked advance toward humane slaughtering over conditions years ago. Some day, Heaven grant that all our food animals may be rendered unconscious before they are jerked into the air and the knife driven into their throats!

THIS is good news for horse lovers in the State of New York:

Under the terms of the Brush act, approved recently by Governor Smith, plans for new road construction shall provide, except in mountainous regions and where the physical conditions make it impracticable, either for one side shoulder or driveway at least eight feet wide, of a surface affording safe footing for horses, or of such drives six feet in width on each side of the improved portion. The Department estimates that the cost of such side drives will run from \$2000 to \$3000 a mile.

## THEY TOO DIED FOR HUMANITY

### A Memorial for the Animals Who Died in the War

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals purposes to erect somewhere in Boston, in the State House, if permission can be obtained, a bronze tablet in memory of the animals who suffered and died in the war just ended. In making his appeal to the public for contributions for this purpose, the President of the Society, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, says:—

"Why shall we not honor their memory—these million and more animals, our fellow creatures, whose patient service, whose bitter pains upon the field of battle, and whose death—with no hope of fame or glory lighting the untrod road—were a part of the price paid in this great world war waged in behalf of the liberties of mankind?"

"In no war of history as in this last have animals played so large a part. Never as now has humanity realized its debt to these lowly creatures. Every soldier tells us that without them we should have gone down defeated. Horse, and dog, and carrier pigeon, knowing nothing of the meaning of the appalling tragedy, yielded upon our demand all that life had meant to them.

"We shall honor ourselves in commemorating their faithful service, for they too were heroes worthy a place in the grateful memory of mankind. We and our children will grow into something finer, nobler, kinder, by this deed which, after all, is but a simple act of justice. Japan built a monument to commemorate the horses that fell in her war with Russia. South Africa has done likewise in memory of the horses who died in the Boer War. Shall not this memorial tablet be the first of many to perpetuate the western world's recognition of its debt to its lowly friends and servants, that silent but valiant army, without whose loyalty we should have known, not victory, but defeat?"

All contributions toward the tablet will be promptly acknowledged from the Society's offices, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Since the above was written a letter has been received from the president of the French Society for the Protection of Animals in Paris, stating that a movement is on foot toward the erection by the humane people of the world of a suitable monument to perpetuate in the minds of men the remembrance of the remarkable services which animals have rendered them in the great war. Subscriptions for this purpose will be sought through the press of various lands. Everything contributed toward our

tablet beyond the few hundred dollars necessary for it will be sent to Paris for this international memorial.

## AN INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL

Paris, May 16, 1919

To the President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Mr. President:

Do you not think that it would be fitting to perpetuate in the minds of men the remembrance of the remarkable services which animals have rendered them during this desperate war of civilization and of right against barbarism; do you not think that it would be just to witness to our lower brothers the gratitude which is their due, and to establish in the eyes of all, by a monument erected to the memory of animals, fallen at the side of men in the defense of civilization, the inalienable rights which they have to our protection?

If you approve of this idea, do you not think that this monument should be erected at Paris, the Capital of France, the field where fought all the nations of the world and where sleep their last sleep, enshrouded in their glory, their heroic children?

In case you agree with me, do you think that toward a practical realization of this idea we could start in our several countries a plan for a monument and open in our great dailies subscriptions with the hope of success?

I have learned that such a monument of a very remarkable character by one of our sculptors is to be received at the Salon this year. This we could accept, but it would cost us something like \$10,000. In France we should never be able to obtain this amount.

In the hope of a favorable response, I beg you to accept, my dear Sir, etc.

— President,

Society for the Protection of Animals

WE are unwilling to believe that any color line will be drawn by the American Legion. Our colored troops gave too fine an exhibition of their loyalty and courage to make that possible. Our white soldiers are far above so unworthy an act.

NO Americanization program can be complete which does not include humane education in its scope.

# GREAT BRITAIN FORMS JACK LONDON CLUBS

TOTAL MEMBERSHIP IN THIS COUNTRY TO DATE, 43,859

**I**F you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf," or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz.: get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

## READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Twenty copies of the book have already been given as prizes: several of these to schools.

## The Jack London Club of the Royal S. P. C. A.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (London), in announcing its starting of a Jack London Club, says, in its magazine, *The Animal World*:

Read "Michael Brother of Jerry," by Jack London, and if you can sit through an animal performance again and enjoy it you must have a heart of stone and the imagination of a cabbage!

And because the animals cannot strike, their sufferings continue, unless you and I will consent to band ourselves together and strike for them. How are we to do this? Jack London, who in his foreword tells us he is "not a namby-pamby," gives us the hint which we can all easily follow. People may tell us that the book is all the result of a supersensitive nature and of a riotous imagination—that tricks are taught by kindness, and that to cow an animal with cruelty is to render it incapable of performing tricks. That may be so in certain cases where the tricks are merely developments of some natural antic of an individual animal—then, why the whip, the crowbar, the electric wire, etc.?

Let us learn the lesson of trade unionism and band ourselves together so that we become a power in the land, and can by refusing to witness, and therefore encourage, this particular form of cruelty "strike" for those who are not capable themselves of using this powerful argument to right their wrongs. I would beg you not to put off the chance now given; write at once to the Secretary, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street, for the simple form of pledge and badge of membership, and make it your business to enroll many members for the "Jack London Club." CAPT. EDW. G. FAIRHOLME, Sec'y

**THE Performing Animals' Defence Committee,** London, through its Secretary, Miss Wade, writes us: "After all we have issued forms for signatures to join an English Jack London Club.



## NO KINDNESS COULD TRAIN TO SUCH A PLUNGE

It is a way of getting at the public ear, and so may help the movement."

## From South Africa

In an interesting letter from Cape Town, Mrs. Owen Davies, a great lover of animals, writes: "May I not act here as Secretary for your Jack London Club and secure members? I could then keep sending you the lists from time to time." Of course we gratefully accepted this generous offer.

**FROM Dubuque, Iowa,** Miss Frances Couch, vice-president of the local humane society, who has heartily interested herself in the Club, writes us enclosing an article from the *Dubuque Telegraph-Herald*, a part of which follows:

Not only in Dubuque is the Jack London club growing in popularity, and getting a larger membership, but in the towns about Dubuque the club is becoming known and memberships are coming in fast.

The largest membership from any one town outside of Dubuque came by mail Wednesday morning to Miss Frances Couch, who has charge of the membership drive, from a teacher at Volga, Iowa. Seventy children—almost 100 per cent of the school—pledged themselves members of the club after it was thoroughly explained to them.

Quite a membership came by mail from Hopkinton, Iowa, also.

When a sufficient number of people join the Jack London club and refuse to sit through a trained animal "stunt," the managers of theaters will see that such performances are not wanted, and in a short time the training of animals for the stage will cease.

## A Letter from St. Louis

March 1, 1919

To the Jack London Club:

I think that the readers of your magazine will be interested in the following true story:

Last summer I paid a visit to the city where the most of the movies are taken. A portion of this large place is devoted to training and housing animals used in the movies. We watched them taking a picture called "The Lion's Claw" where a lion was supposed to bound around a curve in an African forest.

When his time came, the King of Beasts was unbound, and he sprang around a curve in the scenery, which was painted to represent the wilds of South Africa. Before he had time to take his vengeance on his cruel "tamers," a dozen men had pinned him to the ground with a huge net. And there lay the King of Beasts—his gorgeous yellow mane twitching back and forth with his head. He could not move—no, the heavy net made him powerless. Oh! But if he only could get at his torturers, who had whipped and beaten him into submission! If he yelled he knew that his "trainer" would whack him on the nose again, as he had done yesterday at the rehearsal. Yes, he could still feel the pain.

Many of my friends went to see that picture. They all said, "Have you seen the 'Lion's Claw'?" You must see it. It has the most wonderful animal pictures. I can't see how they get those animals to do those wonderful things!"

I answered by telling them that it was simple. All you need is a heavy club and brute force.

If only true Americans were awakened to the fact that every day harmless, dumb animals are being forced, clubbed, beaten into submission so that the "trainer" may have his almighty dollar! We would not stand for the outrages of German atrocity; why stand for the crimes committed against our dumb friends?

Yours truly,

HERMAN SALINGER

4954 West Pine.

P.S. My brother David and I want to become members of the Jack London Club.

## From a United States Indian School

We are much pleased with the following letter, the writers of which desire their names withheld:

Dear Sir:

We two Indian girls would like to belong to your Jack London Club, as we believe in being humane to dumb animals.

We'll promise not to go where animals perform, so we can discourage the managers of such cruelty.

We read *Our Dumb Animals* every month in our school; all the higher grades, 5th grade up, read them.

Sincerely yours,

Berlin Heights, Ohio  
May 8, 1919

*Our Dumb Animals*,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Friends:

Please add my name to the Jack London Club. It is a movement and a step in the right direction.

I have been associated with show business since a young girl. When I left dramatic stock—and worked in vaudeville—the animal acts on every bill were a dread to me. I was constantly warned not to notice them or pet them or feed them, since they must be hungry when

(Continued on page 28)



SAN JOSE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

## THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST

OUR readers have already been told something of President Rowley's trip to the Pacific Coast. It was meant to be a campaign in the interests of Humane Education. For thirty-two days the opportunity was given him to speak, with scarcely an exception, once a day, often twice, not infrequently three times. Everywhere the State Normal Schools, where

ton gave much more publicity to the addresses than had even been anticipated in spite of the fact that so many of the local societies had taken pains to secure the coöperation of the press.

Where everyone was so generous of time and effort to make the campaign a success we hesitate to mention anyone in particular. Still the service of Mr. McCurrie, secretary of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., was exceptional, not only

To speak of the score and more of others whose courtesy and hospitality helped to make the journey a delight would necessitate a special edition of our magazine. The memory of their kindness will long abide.

If only a part of the gracious things said with regard to the presentation of the theme—Humane Education—were true, the undertaking was not in vain. The hope is cherished that out of it will come a strong, active State Humane Education Society, both in California and Washington, which will reach every school and college in the two States.

## CALIFORNIA'S SCHOOLS

WE reproduce in this issue pictures of three California State Normal Schools. They are among those whose students we addressed when recently in that State. There may be other States which have put as much money into their school buildings as California, but we do not happen to know of them. Of course the climate on that part of the Pacific Coast makes it practicable to use, in building, material less expensive than much that we find necessary here. For all that, some of them are of brick, some of stone, all of them wonderfully attractive to the easterner. The equipment within is in keeping with the appearance without.

THEY say that a man becomes morally weaker as the day wears on; less able to resist temptation."

"Shouldn't wonder. You know it was near Eve that Adam ate the apple."

— Boston Transcript



SAN DIEGO STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

often the first two years of a college course are required for entrance, were open to him, and the reception by the presidents of these institutions was most cordial. Many of these schools numbered from 700 to 1000 pupils— young men and women preparing for their future work as teachers. How inspiring it is to look into the faces of these splendid audiences of students no one can know until the experience has come to him. To make plain the meaning of Humane Education, to show its place in the training of those now in our schools and colleges, to indicate the best methods for inculcating its teachings, to appeal to the sense of justice and fair play in the minds of the young, especially of those who hold so largely the future in their hands, was a joy never to be forgotten.

Over and over again it was some high school audience he was asked to address. Here were anywhere from 500 to 1000 pupils with their teachers quick to respond to every earnest and thoughtful word. Occasionally the audience was composed of all the teachers of a city summoned for a special meeting. Three times the invitation was to address several hundred men—the City Club of Los Angeles, the Municipal League of Seattle, and the Rotary Club of the same city, as well as the Civic Forum of Tacoma on a Sunday evening. In a number of instances the presidents of the Boards of Education were present, as at San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tacoma and San Diego. Once he spoke to 625 young Indian men and women.

The newspapers of California and Washing-

ton gave much more publicity to the addresses in planning for other cities as well. Mrs. Anita Baldwin, of the California State Humane Association, generously sent a representative of that Association to accompany Dr. Rowley in a large portion of the trip in California, and the assistance rendered by Mrs. Nayan Hyde, secretary of the Association, was invaluable.



## BIRD FRIENDS

FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE

## I

## To a Robin

SPRIT of springtime,  
I cannot forget  
The notes you waken  
With your flageolet!

Now brave and clear,  
In triumph calling;  
Then farther heard  
In sweetness falling.

In rain or sunshine,  
With joy or sobbing,  
All in sympathy  
Your heart is throbbing.

That's why I love you,  
Robin, my deary,  
Piping in rain-mist  
When the day's weary!

## II

## Phoebe

THE rosy hesitance of morn  
Is poised between a smile and tear.  
I hear the Phoebe pulsing clear:  
"Phoe-be, Phoe-be" — a thrill is born,  
An ecstasy compact of June,  
Till throbs the saddest heart in tune.

Amid the apple's flaming snow,  
One little brown bird, passion-fraught,  
Its rapture to my soul hath brought;  
No need of longer tale, I know  
Chill winds depart, warm airs blow free,  
And dreams of youth return to me.

"Phoe-be, Phoe-be" — who is the maid?  
Your sweet bird bride? You'll find her soon,  
And then I'll hardly hear a tune,  
But spy her nest in some fair shade  
Beside the ledge, with moss inlaid —  
Fairies could tell how it is made.

Were ever rhythmic notes that bore  
Such wealth of music? Young lambs play  
As life were one long holiday.  
Blithe showers have called from dreams before,  
Sleep-weighted flowers, but you, Phoebe,  
Have charmed my childhood back to me!

## IN ONE DUCK'S STOMACH

I WAS always impressed by the stomach of a black duck Doctor Eaton killed near Canandaigua Lake, New York, out of a flock returning from a flooded corn-field," writes Walter Pritchard Eaton in an article entitled "By Inland Waters," in *Harper's Magazine*. "From this duck's gullet and gizzard he took a few pebbles, snail shells, a little chaff, and 23,704 weed seeds — 13,240 pigweed seeds, 7,264 knot-grass, 576 dock, and 2,624 ragweed. As ragweed is popularly supposed to be the worst of all dangers to hay-fever sufferers, the hay-fever convention should certainly sit beneath a stuffed black duck. It is not, I fancy, generally realized that ducks consume so many seeds — in fact, it isn't generally realized, for that matter, how large a part all beneficent birds play in holding destructive exuberance of nature in check. The terrible and disgusting slaughter of our wild ducks, especially by wealthy hunters in the South in winter, is a blot on our national good sense."

## My Friends the Hummingbirds

NELLIE S. COWLEY

I FIRST saw my little California hummingbird before my window, running her bill into one clematis flower after another. Finding nothing, she darted off; but was soon back. Evidently she was finding little to eat, so I mixed some honey and water together, and filled the blossoms. Presently she returned, and, half-heartedly, tried a flower. At the first taste, the whirl of her wings quickened, and, with an air of pleased surprise, she cleaned up every drop. Two or three other hummers discovered the new lunch-room that afternoon, and it met with instant approval.

I had always supposed that hummingbirds were timid, but three days after the first meal, one, growing impatient, came down while I was filling the flowers, and began to eat. Afterwards she hovered around my head a minute. Another time she sat down on the vine about a foot from me, and inspected me at her leisure. Later I read in a bulletin of the California Fish and Game Commission that the hummingbird was "quite courageous, and seems to have little fear of man. It has even been known to light on flowers held in the hand."

They were curious as well. If I started to pull weeds, or sat down on the porch, they sailed down to see what I was doing, and one day I noticed a very interested hummer sitting on the vine at the window, and craning his neck to watch me.

They soon decided that I was the source of supplies. If they found the flowers empty, they would sit on the wire fence, or in the pepper trees until I came. Finally they learned to hunt me up. I would see a hummer hovering before a window; then, when it had attracted my attention, it would dart away to the clematis vine.

They soon learned to eat out of a flower held in my hand. One day, about a month after our acquaintance began, I held my finger in front of the flower, and slowly raised it until

it touched the hummer's body. To my breathless wonder, she straightened out her legs, and finished her luncheon perched on my finger.

I learned to recognize only three of them apart. One, which came only a few times, had a fawn colored back, and was, probably, a rufous hummingbird. The other two were of the Anna variety. Their heads and backs were green, and they were gray underneath. The larger hummer learned to perch on my finger also, but he was never as trusting as the smaller one. She would fly up, and examine my face, sit down and scratch her head (she could also perform this feat in the air) pretend to fall off my finger, adjusting herself with much fluttering, eat out of a teaspoon, and run her tongue out at me. I do not think she meant this impolitely, but as a delicate mark of appreciation.

What puzzled me, however, was where she kept that appalling length of tongue. Her bill was about three-quarters of an inch long, and she could run her tongue out fully as far again. I have since read that there is a small cavity at the back of the bill in which the tongue coils up like a watch-spring.

The male would drive the female away if he found her at the flowers. One day, after chasing her out of sight, he took his station on a vine over the porch, now and then gazing fiercely into the sky for more hummers to conquer. Meanwhile, the female came around from the other direction, and took the last drop of honey.

Sometimes she would refuse to be driven away. Then the male would fly at her again and again, like a vicious little pendulum. He never succeeded in hitting her, but, if he had, there would have been an explosion of small feathers.

One day, after driving her off, he came to the window where I was, and, hovering in the air, sang a song of victory. It was a sweet song of five or six notes, and he repeated it two or three times. I had never known before that the hummingbirds sang, although they had often chirped when there was no honey waiting for them. When angry, they make a chattering sound, and when they fight, they give a tiny shriek.

The last I saw of my hummers that year was near the end of August. The female disappeared first. A few days after I saw the male at the window. I opened it, but, instead of coming down for the honey, he hovered in the air, looked at me for a second or two, and then flew away.

## THE WRONGS OF THE HERONS

Editorial in *San Jose News*

SEVERAL boys are to be publicly honored and rewarded for actions tending to conserve the wild life of California.

It's a good idea. It would pay us to do all we can to conserve the wild birds and animals which lived upon this California land long centuries before we arrived.

You can stand in fields along the bay not far from San Jose, and can see the great herons flapping through the air. Long after the aeroplane has ceased to be a novelty, it will still be a pleasure to stand amid the comforts of your little civilized garden, and watch these great primitive creatures riding upon the wings of the wind. Let them and their brothers live.



Photo from Nat'l Asso. Audubon Societies

RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRDS

## A WAR DOG FROM OVERSEAS

WILLIAM MACK

**B**RUGES is a foreigner by birth. He was born in Bruges, Belgium, and he was named after the town by Clyde Hess, sergeant of Company M, 147th infantry, 37th Ohio Division.



"BRUGES"

The soldiers picked up Bruges from a Belgian peasant. The peasant could not afford the food that Bruges required. The boys made a fuss over the animal and gave him to Captain Charles Gerlach. Later the captain was transferred to the divisional headquarters and he took the dog along. The captain and the dog became close friends. The dog often accompanied him to the front lines.

On one occasion the captain was at headquarters and some information that he had needed badly. The dog had been brought to the front lines by a soldier who had taken a fancy to him. German shells began to fall. The information was needed. A note was fastened on a collar that was worn by Bruges and he was sent back along the dangerous route to his master. Captain Gerlach received the note and sent back the information.

Bruges became a factor in the war for humanity.

Often a messenger, carrying little Bruges in his arms, would be sent to the front lines. His orders were to send back information in the flap fixed on the dog's collar, to avoid danger himself as much as possible. Bruges carried scores of messages during the Argonne drive.

When the war ended, Captain Gerlach was sent into Germany. He feared to take the dog along, so entrusted Bruges to Sergeant Clyde Hess, who Captain Gerlach knew loved the dog. Hess easily brought the dog to Brest. He stuffed him in his barracks bag and succeeded in getting him aboard the battleship Pueblo without detection.

Two days out from Brest the dog was discovered. Ship authorities ruled that the dog should go overboard. Company M ruled that they would go overboard with the dog. The dog stayed. He spent a few weeks at Camp Mills. Then took the New-York Central Pullman to Toledo and then motored 60 miles to Port Clinton. He is the happiest thing alive.

Sergeant Hess now is back home, but everyone calls and asks first to see the wonderful dog, and Hess is proud to subordinate himself to this noble little animal. The picture shows Bruges with the collar or "Sam Brown belt" that he wore in action.

## How Dogs of War Helped in Days of Peace

FELIX J. KOCH

**M**ANY and, indeed, various were the devices employed by Uncle Samuel for awakening an ever keener sense of gratitude in the hearts of all Americans for what had been done for them in the late war, and the need, therefore, of their opening their purses and buying bonds in return. Few, however, were anywhere nearly so successful as the exhibition of the work of the famous Belgian trench-dogs, as given in various cities of the United States.

Usually these demonstrations were part of some larger demonstration. At Cincinnati, where our picture was taken, it concluded a program in honor of the awarding of the Croix de Guerre; yet not one in the crowd but invariably stayed to see the dog exhibition, and then applauded for more.

Sergeant Percher, who has charge of the animals, was a student at college when the war broke out, and was designated to take command of the forty canines attached to the 12th Company, 7th Regiment, of the Belgian Army.

"People," he put it, when in Cincinnati, "have far and away more defects, in my estimation, than dogs!"

Then he went on to tell of his pack, and explained: "All my dogs have seen hard service. All were 'gassed,' for they wore no gas-masks; the story of their having such being purest fiction. Five of my original pack of dogs were killed in battle; three were wounded. One of them, poor 'Rijarde,' had an eye shot out, but continued in the war until the year before its end, when a bomb from a German aeroplane killed him in his tracks!"

"The dogs we used are Belgian mastiffs, — powerful animals, — and they served as well, — perhaps better, — than steeds, to haul our small machine-guns and carry food and ammunition to the front-lines. The dogs had, in fact, many advantages over many horses met!"

"First of all, they were trained in an actual dog camp. They were silent and would not inadvertently disclose their locations. They were low of build, offering a small target. They could haul carts over all kinds of roads, or no roads at all. Meet a ditch, and the soldier could lift dog and cart squarely over!"

"The dogs, too, are very hardy and live on nearly any kind of food. They could be left in rain, cold, snow, without getting colic, or other illness. When men and dogs were 'gassed,' the dogs suffered least; they sneezed, eyes grew sore, but they never gave up."

All in all, the troupe now consists of ten dogs, — eight males, two females. The latter, Sarah and Khaki, were born during the war and raised amid shell-fire and cannonading. They grew up in sufficient time, too, to play a splendid part in the war.

"The dogs," the Sergeant continued, "are faithful, courageous, devoted, good-natured. Latterly, unfortunately, we had to muzzle one of them, Baron; overwork and the excitement of peaceful times in America unnerved him and made him irritable."

"All the dogs, Max, Bambula, Turk and Sarah; Khaki and Bruno and Trumpet; John and Voss and Baron, kept warm in very coldest weather; when the soldiers were half frozen in the trenches and dug-outs they put their cold feet under the dogs to be warmed. The dogs seemed to understand, and to want to help them."

"Again let me emphasize," the Sergeant closed, as the bands played for the new pro-



AT EASE

cession's starting, "the dogs, — and I speak from five years' close acquaintanceship with them, have fewer defects of character than most people I have known. They have just one great fault — intense jealousy; but as this is only a reflection of their intense fidelity, perhaps your students of what you call it? — psychology? — might not even account that a fault at all!"

## "CATCH THE DOG!"

From the Life of Julia Ward Howe, by her daughters

**M**RS. HOWE was always thoughtful of animals. During the reign at 241 Beacon Street (Boston) of the little fox-terrier Patch, it often fell to her lot to take him out to walk, and she felt this to be a grave responsibility.

"One day Patch ran away on Beacon Street, and would not come when she called him. At this instant Dr. Holmes, passing, paused for a friendly greeting."

"Mrs. Howe," he said, "I trust this fine morning —"

"Catch the dog!" cried Mrs. Howe. One author flew one way, one the other; between them Patch was caught and brought in triumph home."

## TEN THOUSAND DOGS

**A**BRUSSELS correspondent is responsible for this: "Ten thousand dogs of war are being demobilized. They're the real dogs that aided the Allies as dispatch bearers, watch dogs and staff dogs. And every one of these dogs is honored with a military livery bearing service stripes. Some of the dogs will go back to their owners, who loaned them for the duration of the war. A big industrial firm has asked for 300 of them. Others will stay in military service. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will adopt the less fortunate, those recovered from wounds of battle, and will see that they have homes for life."

Remember, in hot weather, that the first great need of animals is water.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JULY, 1919

FOR TERMS see last page.  
AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### THE HORSE'S VACATION — AN APPEAL

Who will give some tired, foot-sore horse a vacation this year?

He who has seen one of these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the seeming joy the poor creature has manifested when he found the soft earth beneath his feet, and knew the luxury of rolling on the cool, green grass.

Is this to be all the Heaven these road-weary toilers are ever to know? At least let us give them this here and now.

Three dollars and a half will mean seven days of rest and comfort for some horse taken from the hard pavement.

### COMPULSORY STATE HUMANE EDUCATION

THERE are several States which have on their statute books a law making humane education compulsory. So far as we can learn, little heed is paid to the requirements. We have found scores of teachers wholly ignorant of the statute. We asked one superintendent in a State with such a law how it was being complied with. His reply was: "I imagine that we teach it by instinct." Just what he meant by the expression we do not know. Several of the teachers under him seemed much surprised to learn that they had any duty or obligation in the matter, and immediately asked for suggestions as to how to fulfill the law's demands. If local humane societies would keep the matter before their boards of education, it would be a fine service to render the cause.

### TO WHICH WE SAY AMEN!

MR JOSEPH WATSON writes to the *Boston Herald*:

Won't you let me say in your column that the common practice of human beings of applying opprobrious epithets to one another implying that animals are "dirty" (dog), "low down" (creature), "coarse" (brute) and hundreds of others not only are utterly false but encourage cruelty to animals? If members of the human race wish to call one another bad names, let them call one another "fiends," "devils," "crooks," anything they choose. But don't vilify the animals, who are neither dirty, cruel nor low, but obey the natural laws governing their life circle with a fidelity that makes a human life often seem the acme of unreason.

Boston, May 20.

### EASTER AT RIVERSIDE

THROUGH the great kindness of Mr. Frank Miller, Master of the Mission Inn at Riverside, California, we were guests of the Inn over Easter Sunday. It was a unique occasion. For years there has been a pilgrimage each Easter morning to Mount Rubidoux to the sunrise service. A local paper says of this last celebration:

From early in the night until the rising sun dimmed all other glowing torches the gleaming cross on the mountain top guided thousands up the rugged trails and along the motor road. Silver chimes tolled out the knell of fading night, and four clear sounding trombones from the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra met the silver dawn with peacens of the coming Easter day.

And then, like a flood of light there burst suddenly upon rock and rill, and sleeping valley, this hymn by two thousand throats:

*"In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime."*

A brief service consisting of a responsive scripture reading, song and prayer followed. This recognition of the great truth embodied in the Easter message by a vast company who had climbed the mountain to hail the dawn of another Easter morning with reverent and watchful hearts was something too uplifting and inspiring ever to be forgotten.

### VIVISECTION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THE following act, drawn, and introduced into the Maine Legislature, by the Hon. Percival P. Baxter, of Portland, that State, has become a law:

Be it enacted by the People of the State of Maine, as follows:

Sec. 1. No person in any of the schools of the State supported wholly or in part by public money, shall practise vivisection or perform any experiment upon a living animal, or exhibit to any pupil in such school an animal which has been vivisected or experimented upon.

Sec. 2. Whoever wilfully violates the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine not less than ten nor more than twenty-five dollars, and if the person found guilty of such violation is a teacher in any of the said schools, the State superintendent of schools shall revoke the certificate of said teacher.

The Maine State Humane Education Society has a genuine friend at court in Mr. Baxter. Another bill was introduced by Mr. Baxter "to Prohibit Experiments on Living Dogs," but unfortunately the opposition defeated it.

Mr. Baxter writes us:

This Act is the first one ever passed by the State of Maine prohibiting vivisection in any form. I believe that the matter can be taken up at the next session of the Legislature, and that something more can then be done. This Act recognizes that *vivisection is cruelty to animals*. Although there was but little public discussion on the matter, the fact that *Living Tissue* was sent to all the members during the session has, in my opinion, awakened an interest in the subject, and I noticed that many members were interested in reading that publication. I found, in talking with the members, that very few had previously given the question of vivisection any thought, and they had no idea of its cruelties.

### ONLY A PIGEON

THE *New York Globe* tells this story:

The training of a carrier pigeon which fought a heavy off-shore wind from a disabled seaplane miles off the Jersey coast saved the life, Saturday night, of Ensign Howard Finch, a navy aviator, down in the surf without gas and no help in sight.

The pigeon, released by the aviator as his final effort at getting assistance, carried a message that enabled flyers from Cape May and swift submarine chasers that operated with them to pick up Ensign Finch about 1 o'clock Sunday morning. The pigeon fluttered into the room of William Lydall, of Toronto, on the fourth floor of the Marlborough-Blenheim.

### BIRD AND BIRDMAN

LOUELLA C. POOLE

*STRAIGHT as an arrow the little bird flew,  
Over the measureless depths of blue,  
Swift it flew, with an instinct true,  
Till it safely reached the shore;  
And nearly spent with its journeying,  
In at the casement fluttering,  
The messenger pigeon on weary wing,  
A plea for succor bore —*

*Help for the birdman out at sea,  
Whose mighty wings drooped helplessly;  
On a wild, rough sea near perishing he,  
At mercy of wind and wave.  
Ah, not in vain was the message sent,  
Swift in response the rescuers went —  
Unflinching they went, with but one intent;  
And they saved the birdman brave!*

*O birdman brave, O birdling wee,  
That cleave the skies on swift wings free,  
Conquerors both akin are ye —  
Brave to do and to dare!  
O that my spirit had your glad wings,  
Blithely surmounting all earth-bound things,  
Steadfast in skyey journeyings,  
Ye monarchs bold of the air!*

### THE LOS ANGELES SOCIETY

FRIENDS of humane work in California will be glad to know that Mrs. Anita Baldwin has consented to serve as president of the Los Angeles S. P. C. A. Mrs. Baldwin's deep interest in animal welfare, her executive ability and her power to awaken enthusiasm in others are so well known that we congratulate the Society upon securing her as its president.

The *Los Angeles Morning Times* says:

"Mrs. Anita Baldwin, who has been given high military rank for her splendid untiring efforts and her great work for animal relief, now heads the Society. Under the leadership of an able board of directors, the members are planning to greatly broaden the scope of its activities and to take up the work with redoubled energy, making it the foremost anti-cruelty society on the Pacific Coast."

### A LETTER

A FRIEND from Tennessee writes: "I note with interest your article in the April number of *Our Dumb Animals* concerning the poster advertising the "Father and Son Week." This poster was put out by the Remington Firearms Company, and was an advertisement in disguise. They offered the Y. M. C. A. the advertising matter free, and the picture of the gun would show that it was a "Remington" without the name of the manufacturer appearing in the printed matter."



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
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#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	770
Animals examined.....	6,062
Number of prosecutions.....	20
Number of convictions.....	19
Horses taken from work.....	125
Horses humanely destroyed.....	60
Small animals humanely destroyed....	330

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined.....	87,941
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	90

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$3750 (balance) from Mrs. Elizabeth M. French of Brookline; \$500 from Sarah B. Mitchell of Dartmouth; \$300 from Morton V. Bonney of Hanover; \$250 from Mrs. Mary F. G. Price of Pittsfield, and \$25 (additional) from Col. F. S. Richardson of North Adams. It has received gifts of \$700 from Mrs. C. N. C. for permanent endowment of dog kennel; \$110 from Mrs. J. L. G. of which \$75 is for endowment of free horse stall "in memory of Dolly, Pluto and Lady Betty," and \$35 for endowment of free dog kennel in memory of "Kitty Wink and Patty Boy"; \$100 from E. J.; \$50 from Mrs. J. H. S., for horses' vacation; \$50 from Miss E. M. G., and \$25 each from the R. T. P. Association, E. H. Y., and Miss M. A.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Nathan Lamb of Leicester, Walter H. Breed of Lynn, and Mary W. Almon of Newport, R. I.

The American Humane Education Society acknowledges bequest of \$500 from Sarah B. Mitchell of Dartmouth. It has received \$96.88 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; \$75 from a Rhode Island friend, and \$285.52 interest.

June 10, 1919.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue      Telephone Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,      *Chief Veterinarian*

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.,      *Resident Assistant*

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.

Wm. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.,      *Veterinarians*

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	292	Cases	335
Dogs	191	Dogs	244
Cats	61	Cats	81
Horses	39	Horses	5
Bird	1	Birds	4
		Rabbit	1

Operations 166

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915, 14,318

Free Dispensary cases 16,062

Total 30,380

On witnessing an act of cruelty, take particular notice of the nature of the injuries inflicted; the condition of the animal ill-used; obtain, if possible, the name and address of the owner and driver, or person in charge of the animal, and set down the time and place where the offense was committed. Communicate these facts, giving your own name and address, to headquarters of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, or to any of the Society's authorized agents. The information will be treated as strictly confidential, and you will have done your humane duty intelligently and effectually.

#### BOUND VOLUMES

THE twelve bound numbers of *Our Dumb Animals*, June, 1913, to May, 1919, inclusive, make an attractive volume. In bindings of rich blue cloth and stamped in gold, they are offered practically at cost, \$1.25 each. Humanely instructive in reading matter and illustrations, they will be ornamental as well as useful wherever books are sought or circulated. Bear them in mind when seeking a birthday or holiday gift.

#### THE VIVISECTORS WIN

THE Dogs' Protection Bill introduced several months ago in the British House of Commons and prohibiting vivisection experiments upon dogs for any purpose whatsoever was so amended in its final stage as to render it ineffective as a preventive measure of vivisection.

The influence of private vivisectors and that of the Home Office combined to defeat the bill as was the case in 1913 and 1914. The amendment wrecked the bill by providing that dogs may be vivisected where no other animal could be found suitable for the purposes of the experiment.

The latest parliamentary battle waged over the bill would seem to indicate that the ultimate goal will some day be reached, when "man's best friend" will be rescued from the fate that confronts him at the hand of the vivisection practitioner.

#### GERMANY'S MORAL BANKRUPTCY — WHY

WE are not haters of Germany, nor of any other people. We believe, however, that the heaviest penalty Germany must pay is the loss of the world's confidence in her moral character as a nation. Whatever the future may disclose as to the real facts which have been responsible for this war, and as to the spirit which has determined its conduct on the part of Germany, the world of today has lost faith in the moral integrity of the nation. Does not the reason for this lie in the failure of Germany through the last half century to teach her boys and girls, her young men and young women, the principles which are the fundamental elements of humane education — justice, goodwill, brotherliness, kindness, unselfishness? Just a fraction of the money expended in armaments spent in humane education in the schools of the world and this war could never have been. It is often said that the conquerors soon or late bow down and worship the gods of the conquered. Are the Allies, — is America, to repeat this paradox of history and forget the noble ideals she set before herself when she entered the war as the friend and servant of humanity?

#### A CRUEL CONTEST

OUR officer in New Bedford, Mass., arrested a teamster who wagered that his single horse could outpull a span owned by his neighbor. He loaded his wagon with 6525 pounds of crushed stone. This, with the weight of the wagon, made 8200 pounds. The horse drew the load, though straining every muscle. The judge fined the culprit \$20.

#### THE WORK HORSE PARADE

THE seventeenth annual parade held under the auspices of the Boston Work Horse Relief Association on Memorial Day brought out a splendid array of those sturdy and well-treated equine toilers that every sincere horse lover delights to see and admire and honor. In point of numbers there was but slight diminution from the records of former years. Over 700 entrants proudly and gingerly stepped past the judges and reviewing stands and received their ribbons amid the applause of hundreds of enthusiastic spectators. Many of the drivers were awarded cash prizes and nearly a hundred dogs graced the long procession and each was decorated with a ribbon.

The gold medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for old horses longest in continuous service was awarded to the City Home of Cambridge. The horse, named Paddy, driven by M. J. O'Regan, was 22 years old and has been 17 years in service. To Christopher F. Willard, driver for the Metropolitan Coal Co., was awarded the silver medal offered by our American Humane Education Society for longest continuous service with present employer or predecessor. The oldest horse in the parade was Mollie, a blind mare 33 years old. Another horse, also 33 years old, had worked 26 years at the Charlestown navy-yard.

The first work horse parade association was started in this country, at Boston, by Mr. H. C. Merwin, who is still its president and promoter. It has contributed materially towards a higher appreciation of the working horse and secured better treatment generally for him on the part of owner and driver.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889.

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
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Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

### WITH MRS. NICHOLS IN WASHINGTON

IT was too early in our last issue to give any report of Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday in the State of Washington. We are assured by our field worker, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, that excellent work was done in Tacoma, Seattle, Puyallup, Spokane and Yakima. The campaign in Seattle was in charge of Mrs. A. M. Burgess, who distributed over 2000 pieces of literature, sent messages to 100 ministers, and conducted a very successful humane essay contest.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

### HUMANE EDUCATION—THE NEED OF THE HOUR

NOTHING but what is essentially humane education can save the world from the horrors of another cataclysm worse even than that through which it has just passed.

For humane education is nothing less than the teaching in the schools and colleges of the nations of the principles of justice, good-will and humanity toward all life, human and sub-human alike. A generation trained in these principles will solve its international difficulties as neighbors and not as enemies.

We are confident that more and more societies organized for the prevention of cruelty to animals will turn to the work of humane education in the schools of their States as their widest and most important field of service. Train the heart of the child aright, and the cruelty from which animals suffer will end far more quickly than by punishing the ignorant and cruel man.

It is primarily the child in whom humane education is directly interested. The cultivation of the spirit of kindness to animals is but the starting point toward that larger humanity which includes one's fellows of every race and clime. Let it be said again and again that whatever societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have done for the creatures below us, they have done infinitely more for men, women and children in the reaction upon their characters, transforming and ennobling their relations to each other.

Fundamentally humane education stands for the ideals in character and life which are the goal of Christianity. At their best the church and the Sunday School can meet face to face but a part of the youth of any land. In the schools of the nation, however, the vast majority can be reached through humane education, which raises no question of sect or creed, but furnishes a common standing ground for such moral teaching as all good citizens hold vital to a people's welfare.

### LITERATURE FOR THE PHILIPPINES

HAVING sent samples of our literature to the secretary of the Philippine S. P. C. A. at Manila, with the offer to send more if it could be used to advantage in the schools there, we received a letter from that Society enclosing a communication from the Director of Education in the Philippines who said that the Bureau of Education would be glad to distribute 15,000 copies of "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" where the best possible use would be made of them. We immediately shipped 10,000 of the pamphlets, and as soon as another edition can be printed will ship 5,000 more, as a contribution of the American Humane Education Society. No literature, except in the English language, is allowed in the Philippine schools.

### N. Y. WOMEN'S LEAGUE FOR ANIMALS

WE are in receipt of the ninth annual report of the New York Women's League for Animals, a book of 70 pages superbly gotten up with a number of interesting illustrations of the free hospital and dispensary of the League and members of the "Dogs' Brigade," whose mite boxes added several hundred dollars to the treasury. The president, Mrs. James Speyer, reports a long list of activities, indicating the generous support given to the work of the League. Frequent mention is made of the cordial cooperation of the American S. P. C. A.

### R. I. HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

FROM the fifteenth annual report of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society, just issued, it appears that organizers of the Society formed 1136 Bands of Mercy, with 39,592 members, in 196 school-houses, in the year ending March 31. Nearly 25,000 leaflets were distributed during that period, and about 4,000 letters and pieces of mail matter were sent out.

Through a friend the Society was able to present each graduate of the State Normal school with a set of illustrated leaflets on humane education. Several lantern slides illustrating animals in war service were added to the regular collection, and a number of lantern talks were given in schools. These are but a few of many activities of the Society which, under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Olney, corresponding secretary, is training the future citizens of Rhode Island in the principles of kindness, justice and mercy.

### TEACHERS AND BIRD STUDY

MARGARET O'NEILL

ANY small bird is a sparrow to young children." This is what I was told recently by a friend, a teacher and something of a naturalist. Although she illustrated her point most forcibly, I refused to believe it and determined to investigate for myself.

Accordingly I tried out this plan on some children of ages varying from five to fifteen; I took them on an outing, where we saw many sparrows, robins and bluebirds. All could name the sparrows, two failed on the robin and one girl of fifteen had never seen a bluebird.

You may say that I selected a lot of dull children, but this was not the case. They were normally intelligent, as their school records showed. They asserted—and here is the point—that they had never been taught in school to distinguish the birds. I discovered, however, that they recognized pictures of birds but could not identify them in their native haunts.

This I think reveals a defect in our system. *The children are taught nature from books if they are taught at all!* What a dull and aimless method! What wonder that it fails to bring good results! Why teach children about birds from a book when the whole outdoors might be their text-book, teeming with life and real human interest? Besides, such education would eliminate cases of cruelty to dumb animals by creating a bond of love between the children and every form of animal life.

Teachers of English especially would do well by requiring a general knowledge of the common birds and their habits. Such instruction could be given as would require the children to observe keenly and express themselves accurately. There should be held during the year a few field-days when, under the guidance of a competent teacher, observation of the living birds will be a revelation to most of the children. The joy it would inspire should stimulate them to greater effort in nature study on their own initiative.

### FOR PROTECTION OF BIRDS

TWENTY prizes of \$10 each and forty prizes of \$5 each are offered for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

## CARE OF THE DOG IN SUMMER

JULIA W. WOLFE

AUGUST is nearly always spoken of as "dog days" but the name does not represent the fact from the dog's standpoint. Indeed, such treatment is accorded him that the hot weather often sees an end to his sojourn among us. During the very hot days we do everything to make ourselves comfortable. We change our diet, clothing and manner of living, and forget the dog. Sometimes his own efforts to obtain relief are thwarted by the children, who alone of all animals seem to be oblivious to the scorching weather and who seem rendered more active and full of mischief by the very oppression which wearies us all. Perhaps a plea for consideration will not fall upon barren ground.

The first consideration should be that of quenching the dog's thirst. In many cases he is parched with thirst while the drinking water is just beyond his nose tantalizing him to the point of madness. Provide for your dog's comfort as well as for yourself. Have a bowl of fresh water in an accessible place and keep it as cool as possible. Out of doors make some arrangement for a trough or water-pan, where the dog can find it, lest he may suffer the consequences of drinking foul water, which is often disastrous. If you have been urged to keep a stick of sulphur in the water and cannot resist, be assured that it is as harmless as the water itself, but has no cooling virtue.

Sulphur may be used to advantage in cooling the dog in real hot weather, but it should not be used in stick form. Mix equal parts of powdered sulphur and magnesia thoroughly together and put as much as will cover a ten-cent piece in the evening meal. Continue this treatment for a week, stirring the medicine well into the food each night. This will be found to have a cooling effect and will help to keep the animal in condition. If your dog is a small one, smaller than a fox terrier, reduce this prescribed dose by half. The skin is the surest indication of the dog's condition, and if it feels burning the above treatment should be begun at once.

Indigestible food, tainted water, too much green food, a dirty kennel, or a number of allied causes, may result in diarrhoea. Prevention is the safest and best cure. Small doses of castor oil will often give relief.

If fleas or other parasites bother the dog, get rid of them as quickly as possible. Mix 2 drams of anise-seed oil with 3 ounces of ether and spray into the dog's fur by means of an atomizer.

Too much fondling or teasing will often bring on convulsions in a puppy. Rest and quiet will do more to cure the dog of these than anything else.

The dog's diet should be changed when the thermometer goes up. Don't keep on feeding fat and heating food if you wish to have him well. At some leading dog kennels rice is fed these animals during hot weather. Mix it with milk or buttermilk and be sure that it is well cooked. Cooked hominy and rolled oats are good.

Everybody needs a vacation in the summer, you know, so be sure that the dog gets one this year.

EDITH was admiring her new summer frock. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that all this silk comes from an insignificant worm!"

"Edith, is it necessary to refer to your father in that way?" her mother inquired, reproachfully.



VICTORIA, THE POST OFFICE CAT AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

A NATIVE of Italy, who has never received naturalization papers, is employed in the city post office at Washington, D.C., and is a great favorite of Postmaster Merritt O. Chance. She is Victoria, the official mouser, who had been abandoned by some member of a foreign mission in the capital and was picked up by the Washington Animal Rescue League. Victoria is the same cat who a few weeks ago had her picture published in the *Washington Star*, with that of Postmaster Chance, only she was then

named Victor Emmanuel. It would still be Victor—but the other day the Washington post office force was unexpectedly increased by the arrival of four felines, and the name was promptly changed to Victoria. We are indebted to Mrs. F. E. Smith, secretary of the Washington Animal Rescue League, for the photograph of Victoria, who is now one of the "sights" of the beautiful post office building in which she reigns supreme and where mice are less welcome than Germans in Paris.

## GRIEVING COWS

AN Essex correspondent writes: This morning I witnessed a strange sight in which a herd of cows, an old bull, and a few calves took part in a meadow near my house.

A cow that had recently calved died in the night, and yesterday morning lay stiff on the frosted grass beneath a tree. During the day cows roamed near the place and stopped to smell and lick the side and face of the dead animal. Not till this morning did the knacker's cart arrive to carry the body away.

When the vehicle was drawn to the spot the whole herd came slowly up and stood round watching intently, with heads down and an indescribable expression, which seemed half questioning and half sympathetic, in their eyes. Seven of them and the old bull came up and licked the dead cow's face, in one instance as it was being hoisted into the cart. When it was taken away they stood watching it to the far side of the meadow and through the gate till they could see it no longer. Then they smelt all over the spot where it had lain.

What I should like to know is whether the behavior of this herd really signified the sympathy—even sorrow—that seemed apparent? Did these animals feel for their companion and grieve for its fate? —*London Daily Mail*

## A FRIEND OF THE CROW

M. G. WARD

SOME years ago, in Nova Scotia, I saw a number of crows walking about an eight-acre field, where hay had recently been made and cleared away. They were very busy devouring the pests which they found. I mentioned it to the owner, and he told me that he never killed or drove away the crows, as he found them so useful in ridding the farm lands of pests of different kinds.

In this way they paid well for what little grain they ate.

## THE CAT IN THE WAR

From *The London Dispatch*

THERE is one thing a cat hates more than she hates dogs, and that is—gas. One whiff of poison gas, scented from the other side of No Man's Land before mere man has got an inkling of what is coming, and up goes her back and her fur stands on end, and she begins to whine her displeasure.

Who it was that first discovered this aversion remains a mystery, but rumor has it that it was someone in the British War Office. So they extended the military service acts to cats.

The stray cats of Britain—and there are many of them, as is shown by the fact that the Royal S. P. C. A. painlessly destroy over 30,000 every year—received their first calling-up notice a couple of years ago. It appeared in the form of an advertisement:

"Common cats wanted—any number," which was published in the newspapers.

The contract for the supply of pussy to the army was secured by a London bird dealer, and cats of all sorts soon began to pour into his establishment. No tribunal protected them. If they had no homes of their own, and were sound in wind and limb, they were accepted for military service.

About half a million cats were supplied to the army.

From other sources it is learned of the cat's value as a gas detector. Equally important was her work as a destroyer of rats and vermin—a work in which she excelled and took a lively interest.

She proved very useful in connection with submarine experiments, and frequently went under water in various contrivances in order to test the life-sustaining qualities of the air chambers.

So pussy, at least, has done her bit in the great war.



"MUGGINS"

ON the main street of Victoria, B. C., while waiting for the Vancouver boat, we came upon "Muggins," whose picture we reproduce. He lay upon a small table, left wholly alone by his mistress, but with his little bank attached to his side. Few passed him without leaving a contribution. As the result of our interest in him, he has sent us this letter:

Victoria, B. C.,  
May 9, 1919

F. H. Rowley, Esq., President,  
The American Humane Education Society,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Rowley:—

I am sorry my pictures are delayed in reaching you.

During the war I supported two prisoners of war in Germany, besides materially aiding the Red Cross and other organizations.

I have been "on the job" since the summer of 1916 and have collected over \$13,000. I am not chained nor tied to my stand; my mistress leaves me quite alone for several hours a day. She also takes me down to meet the San Francisco, Australian and Oriental boats. The officers on these boats are now friends of mine and tell the passengers that I am coming, and they accord me a very generous welcome.

I was a casualty for several weeks, as a result of an attack of influenza, contracted while on duty. Doctor Keown performed three operations on my chest and I am now better, but the soldiers said I was a "blightly" case while bandaged.

With best wishes,

Your friend,  
"MUGGINS"

ONE of our exchanges is responsible for the following:—

The teacher in a country school always tried to make the lessons as interesting as possible.

"Now, children," she said, "let me see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell what that one is?"

There was no reply.

"What!" exclaimed the teacher. "Does no one know? It has bristly hair, likes the dirt and is fond of getting into the mud."

A small boy at the end of the class raised a timid hand.

"Well, Allan?" said the teacher.

"Please, ma'am," said the little boy, reflectively, "it's me."

## HE DIED IN FRANCE

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

IN sunny France a nameless unmarked grave  
O'ergrown by poppies, matined by the birds,  
Proclaims the resting place of one who fell  
That earth its liberty might still retain.  
Ununiformed, unhelmed he went,  
No thought of well-earned glory for a shield.  
In sunny France, unmourned his body lies.  
He knew not why he went; at man's behest  
He fared him forth upon that summer day  
Caparisoned with naught but faithful love  
For one who companioned him upon the way.  
Amid the deafening roar of bursting shells  
And smoke that blurred his vision he went down  
And left his rider to escape unharmed.  
A horse, — you say; — but when a human life  
Is saved what matters that a horse should fall!  
I say it is a hero's grave that hides  
Beneath the poppies red in sunny France.  
He fell as falls the man behind the gun,  
With no less courage in his faithful heart.  
May he not claim his recompense, perchance,  
When angels pass the word, — he died in France?

FROM the reading of that classic of humane text-books, "Friends and Helpers," Domingo Cunanan, a teacher in the Philippine Islands, organized the pupils of grades 3 and 4 in his school in Magalan into a Band of Mercy. The names of the other officers are interesting: Rufo Romero, vice-president; Gaudencio Limjoco, secretary; and Lamberto Feliciano, treasurer.



## PONY WITH ARTIFICIAL LEG

THIS photograph comes to us through the courtesy of Agent C. F. Richardson of the Lowell Humane Society.

Dr. Wm. S. Eaton, a prominent veterinary of Lowell now in the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, performed the operation on the pony while in Greensboro, N. C., recently.

The pony is the property of John Lethro, a farmer of Greensboro, and is a great pet of his ten-year-old daughter Gladys. The pony had its right fore foot torn off in a barbed wire fence, and Dr. Eaton amputated the leg above the fetlock and fitted on an artificial leg. To the delight of the owner and his daughter, the animal once more began to meet the children coming from school.

The artificial leg is removed at night. In the morning, when the pony wakes up, he whinnies until someone comes and places his leg in position for the day. Then he is happy and stalks about the farm as well as any four-footed pony.

## JACK LONDON CLUBS

(Continued from page 20)

they went on to do their act or they would not work well.

So you see the Jack London Club appeals to me and I have sent out hundreds of the cards explaining it.

Many good wishes for *Our Dumb Animals*.

Very sincerely  
(Signed) CLAIR TUTTLE YERANCE

## Thoroughbred versus Mongrel

Give a mongrel a good licking, and what's he do? He'll kiss your hand, and be obedient, and crawl on his belly to do what you want him to do. They're slave dogs, that's what mongrels are. They ain't got courage and you don't want courage in a performing dog — you want fear. Now, you give a thoroughbred a licking and see what happens. Sometimes they die. I have known them to die. And if they don't die, what do they do? Either they go stubborn or vicious, or both. Sometimes they go to biting and foaming. You can kill them, but you can't keep them from biting and foaming. Or else they'll go straight stubborn. They're the worst. They're the passive resisters — that's what I call them. They won't fight back. You can flog them to death, but it won't buy you anything. They're like those Christians that used to be burned at the stake or boiled in oil — they've got their opinions, and nothing you can do will change them. They'll die first. . . . And they do. I've had them. I was learning myself, and I learned to leave the thoroughbred alone. They beat you out. They're time-wasters and patience-wasters, and they're expensive. — From Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry"

## THREE MEN FOR A HORSE

C. B. MADDOCK

Extract from the Diary of a Civil War Veteran

IN the skirmish of May 9, 1862, at Horse Creek, Mo., in which our Company I took part, Captain Jackman, in command of the Confederates, was by some means thrown from his horse, which escaped from him; galloped into our lines, and was captured. It was a dappled gray, a most beautiful, graceful creature, and the most perfect specimen of the equine race I ever saw.

In the skirmish, three of our men were taken prisoners. A few days later, Sergeant Frank Smith was sent to our camp with a proposal from Captain Jackman to exchange our three men — all well mounted, for his own gray horse. The Colonel was anxious for the release of his men, so accepted the offer, and three days later the once prisoners rode into camp all safe and well. This little incident shows the love of a man for his dumb friend.

## BEVERLY WILL CARE FOR OLD HORSE

THE board of aldermen of Beverly, Mass., refused to sell the old white horse, now in the street department, but which for 18 years served the city in the fire department.

Alderman Thompson stated that the horse was 26 years old and had given his services to the city for the past 18 years and that the city should care for the horse the remainder of his days and not put him into a horse dealer's stable for the sum of \$35. Quarters for the old horse will be provided at the city stables and the city will give him the best of care.

## COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND HIS HORSES

ROBERT F. McMILLAN

**D**URING our war with Spain, Colonel Roosevelt enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent provider, — both for his men and for their horses. A great lover of horses, himself, he fully appreciated the necessity for giving the faithful animals proper attention.

A soldier whose service in Cuba sometimes brought him in contact with this truly great American, told the writer that he recalled very vividly the picture of Colonel Roosevelt in the act of inspecting the horses of his famous Rough Riders. He was a competent detector of injuries that might escape the eye of a careless observer, and seemed loth to trust the work to anyone but himself.

Accompanied by an attendant, he would begin his inspection in the early morning. As they passed down the line of patient steeds that had been so carefully selected for wartime service, if the Colonel noticed a suspicious looking hoof, the hunting crop, which he invariably carried, would go out with a characteristic quick thrust, and the familiar row of shining teeth promptly would be in evidence.

When the feet of the last animal in the line had been passed in review, the return trip began. This was given over altogether to a careful examination of the backs of the horses. No chafed or sore spot was overlooked, and instructions would then be given to the effect that the disabled ones as well as those that might soon become so, be turned over to the veterinarian, for prompt attention.

While President, Colonel Roosevelt devoted much of his outdoor leisure to walking and horseback riding. His well-known democratic tendencies often showed themselves on such occasions. One day, a young Virginian — and, of course, himself a lover of horses — happened to stop for the purpose of admiring an especially attractive horse that was being held by a groom. Suddenly, a voice rang out behind him, in characteristic fashion, "Are you fond of horses?" The delighted spectator turned to face the President, himself, and, presently, the two were in close and enthusiastic discussion of fine points pertaining to their favorite animal.

It was always an interesting event to meet the President and his cavalcade. Colonel Roosevelt invariably wore his favorite khaki riding habit, although others of his party usually affected a smarter dress, while in the saddle. President Roosevelt, in response to a salute from a fellow traveler, would lift his well-known Rough Rider slouch hat, with a military sweep of the hand, — altogether an imposing and soldier-like performance.

## A SQUIRREL'S MOVING DAY

W. H. BURGWIN in *The Christian Advocate*

**W**E had been in camp for several weeks — long enough to form a sight acquaintance with a gray squirrel family which was there before us. Some of us had observed a large bunch of leaves in each of two tall oak trees. We had not thought of squirrels as living in these, however.

One bright August day, the mother squirrel, as we supposed, was seen climbing toward her castle in the air. From a distance her head appeared uncommonly large. It hardly seemed likely that she was storing away a winter's food supply. Certainly the acorns and the hickory nuts of our grove were not ready for



THE DEADLY WORK OF THE TRAPPER

the storehouse then. Soon the active creature was descending the tree, this time with empty mouth. With our eyes we followed her carefully to the oak some thirty-five paces off where was the other leafy castle. Mrs. Squirrel only half entered this nest of hers, and immediately came out with a burden. That burden was gray like herself, only a little brighter. Our suspicion was aroused. We eyed her closely. Down the oak she came, head foremost. The journey of a hundred feet or so between the two oaks was made. As the graceful creature passed within a dozen feet of us we became sure that she was moving her family — that she really was carrying a baby squirrel in her mouth. Two legs of the baby seemed braced against the parent's neck, one on each side. Up that tall oak with her load she climbed with graceful ease and dropped her baby into the nest. We saw her make this journey back and forth until she had carried six little ones, each apparently at least half grown, down one tree about forty feet, across the intervening space one hundred feet or more, and up the other oak possibly forty-five or fifty feet. She did vary the journey several times on her way back for another little one by taking the air line through the branches of neighboring trees. Once, startled by our nearness, with a heavy baby in her mouth, she actually mounted a tree when her ground journey was about half traveled, went into its top and jumped from tree to tree until she was able to place her precious load in its cozy castle.

We tried to discover the reason for all this careful activity on the part of our good neighbors. Possibly it was because their first home was too near a roadway on one side and a much traveled path on the other. Maybe the increased height of the new home had in it promises of safety. Or, it may have been that the large family had outgrown their first quarters.

Whatever the cause, we were taught that day that even the wild creatures of the woods have a concern for their little ones kindred to that which human parents cherish for their children. Then there came to us the words of Jesus concerning the birds and the foxes and their homes. Anew we were impressed with the truth that the heavenly Father careth for all his creatures.

THE happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

MARCUS AURELIUS

## FATE OF THE RED FOX

L. V. KELLY

**I**T was bitter cold, and had been for several months. The coats of the animals were made thick and fine and lustrous by the weather and their own abounding health. The red fox stood — a beautiful figure — on the spotless snow. Frost particles and diamonds of snow sparkled on his coat, the red of which tempered to yellow and white on throat and lower neck, and the tip of the thick bushy tail, and to brown and black in legs and feet. He was looking for silly, snow-hidden partridges or rabbits, but was not averse to picking up other food. That was why he paused to investigate a frozen lump that he found by the bank on the river. It was meat and he bolted it whole and proceeded on his way. He had gone perhaps a mile in the woods when the warmth of his body had thawed the morsel and loosened the juices contained in it. Suddenly a twinge and a cramp stopped him, and he lay down and died with his toes turned up, strychnine, buried in the meat by a trapper, having completed its deadly work.

## A BOY AND A DOG AT PLAY

LIEUT. J. H. CONN

**D**ID you ever watch a boy and his dog at play? It is a most interesting study. My wife and I have whiled away many an hour watching our boy and his dog at their play. They were always on the go, and what a variety of things they would do! They would play tag until they were almost exhausted. Trixie would lay down on the grass as if she were not paying any attention at all and just as he was about to pick her up she would jump up and run away and maybe run in a circle and act as though she was going to run up to him and would swerve when just out of his reach and run away several feet and sit down facing him and bark at him, as much as to say, "Come and catch me if you can."

After they had become tired out they would lie down on the floor side by side, and every couple of minutes Trixie would raise up her head and look to see if her little master was still there. It was very amusing indeed to watch them and to see how carefully she watched him to keep him from slipping away from her.

They also serve who buy War Savings Stamps.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*  
E. A. MARYOTT, *State Organizer*

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation dog badge for the president.
- See last page for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine hundred and forty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported in May. Of these 331 were in schools of Rhode Island; 189 in schools of Connecticut; 100 in schools of Ohio; 85 in schools of Kentucky; 63 in schools of Massachusetts; 45 in schools of North Carolina; 37 in schools of Maine; 35 in schools of Georgia; 27 in schools of Pennsylvania; 15 in schools of Texas; eight in schools of South Carolina; three in Maryland; two in Canada; and one each in New York, Minnesota, South Dakota, Arkansas and the Philippine Islands.

Total Number Bands of Mercy, 119,239

### THE CRY FOR MERCY

MAN looks as king upon Creation down,  
But Mercy is his noblest, brightest crown,  
And if from beasts he does his power gain,  
His duty is to kill them without pain.  
'Tis said it can be done, but will it be?  
For man is cruel, and he will not see!  
Some cannot feel for anguish not their own,  
And some, for human misery alone.

Perchance, sometimes they sympathize, and weep,  
But never for the little calf and sheep.  
'Till pioneers arouse, they shut their eyes;  
But night is passing! Now awake! arise!  
Oh, light the torch! The slaughter-house explore!  
Seek to examine; open wide the door;  
And tongues, that cannot speak to tell their grief,  
Shall lick the hand that brings them sweet relief!

JULIA BARTLETT



DAUGHTER AND DOG OF OFFICER  
NOWLIN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS  
S. P. C. A.

### THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE

[Subject given out at the Alice Phillips School, Wellesley, Mass.]

THE Boy was ten years old; the Cigarette about ten minutes. The Boy weighed ninety pounds; the Cigarette less than a quarter of an ounce. The Boy could walk about, and talk, and read and think. The Cigarette could do nothing but smoulder when some one put a lighted match to it. Yet the little Cigarette threw the Boy down, took him prisoner, made a slave of him, and worse than this in the end, as you shall see.

It makes no difference what kind of Cigarette it was. Any kind will do. But it makes a great deal of difference what kind of Boy it was, for there is only one kind of boy to whom the little Cigarette could have done these terrible things. We have all seen him. There are some of that kind in every town and village; some in every school. He is not a very smart Boy. In fact he is not smart at all. In fact he is very stupid, weak and foolish. But if he is not smart, he thinks he is. I should call him not smart, but "smarty."

He is very impatient to be a man, and he thinks he can be a man all at once by copying the man's habits and doing just as he does. This would be all right if he would copy the best things the man does, but the "smarty" Boy never does that. The "smarty" Boy thinks it is manly to smoke, spit, swear, make bets, talk loud, brag, stay out nights, in short, to do the silliest things that the silliest men do—for all these things are silly, and men or boys who do them are very silly, though they often think they are very clever.

The Boy's father did his best to prevent him from falling into the tobacco trap. No—I am wrong. He did not do his best, for he smoked himself, and so set the Boy a bad example in his own home. But he warned the Boy against it, and told him it would do a lot of mischief to his health and reputation. He pleaded with him not to smoke at least until he was twenty-one, and even offered him a gold watch and a hundred dollars if he would not.

But the Boy was wiser than his father. Most of the "smarty" boys are. "Huh," he said, "I know as much about it as he does. I don't mean to get into the habit of smoking, but I am going to smoke a Cigarette with the other fellows when I feel like it, and I don't care what anybody says. My father does it himself, the schoolmaster does it, the minister does it, my mother does it on the sly at the Woman's Club, and if they can, I can." The little Cigarette heard all this, and laughed in its sleeve.

The Boy tried the Cigarette. It made him very sick and he didn't care to smoke again. But the other "smarty" boys all laughed at him, and called him mollycoddle, and of course no "smarty" boy would stand that.

At twelve he was swallowing the smoke and blowing it out of his nose, and bragging about it.

At thirteen he was spending about half of his pocket-money for Cigarettes. He couldn't buy them openly at the shop, but the other boys knew how to get them and told him.

At fourteen he tried to get a job in a store. The man looked at him sharply and said, "Do you smoke?" "No," said the Boy. Said the man, "Show me your fingers." The Boy showed them. Said the man, "You smoke Cigarettes, and you have lied about it. I don't want you."

At fifteen he began to grow thin and pale. His father and mother worried, and sent for the Doctor. The Doctor looked at him sharply

and said, "How long have you been smoking Cigarettes?" Said the Boy, "Not very long, and I don't smoke much—only with the other fellows when they are smoking." Said the Doctor, "Stop it." The Boy was frightened and tried to, and found that he couldn't, or thought he couldn't.

But he was mistaken. At sixteen he stopped it, and never smoked again. The people said at the funeral that he died of General Weakness. The Doctor looked wise and said nothing. His mother cried, his father and the schoolmaster and the minister wondered that the poor Boy could have been so foolish, and the little Cigarette laughed in its sleeve.

### MANIFOLD USES OF THE OX

OF all our domestic animals the ox is certainly the most useful, writes Henri Fabre in "Our Humble Helpers."

During its lifetime it draws the cart in mountainous regions and works at the plow in the tillage of the fields; furthermore, the cow furnishes milk in abundance. Given over to the butcher, the animal becomes a source of manifold products, each part of its body having a value of its own. The flesh is highly nutritious; the skin is made into leather for harness and shoes; the hair furnishes stuffing for saddles; the tallow serves for making candles and soap; the bones, half calcined, give a kind of charcoal or bone-black used especially for refining sugar and making it perfectly white; this charcoal, after being thus used, is a very rich agricultural fertilizer; heated in water to a high temperature, the same bones yield the glue used by carpenters; the largest and thickest bones go to the turner's shop, where they are manufactured into buttons and other small objects; the horns are fashioned by the maker of small-wares into snuff-boxes and powder boxes; the blood is used concurrently with the bone-black in refining sugar; the intestines, cured, twisted, and dried, are made into strings for musical instruments; finally, the gall is frequently turned to account by dyers and cleaners in cleaning fabrics and partially restoring their original luster.

HAVE you helped our fund for watering horses, or the fund for giving vacations to tired horses at our Rest Farm?



### HELPING THE HELPLESS

THE mother of this sheep died and the girls, Edith Brown and her sister, of Wood Island, Prince Edward Island, nursed the sheep by hand.

The girls are nieces of Officer Wm. Martin of the Metropolitan Park Police, who was recently awarded a medal by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for rescuing a robin.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## DAINTY NEIGHBOR DOVE

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

DEAR Neighbor Dove, on the window-sill wide,  
Patting about on your little pink feet,  
Don't be afraid, but come close to my side,  
See, I have spread you a bountiful treat!

Neighbor, come closer, and eat from my hand —  
All the best dainties I'm holding for you.  
Ah, that is better! Now trust me, and stand  
Right on my shoulder — O pretty one, do!

There, dainty beauty, you're safe, don't you see?  
Yes, for I love you, my little friend sweet —  
Love you, and want you to learn to love me,  
Wee feathered neighbor, so fair and so fleet.

Are you not glad the dear Father above  
Loves you and me, and takes care of us, too,  
Gives us our food, and our friends, for His love  
Watches and works for us, all the year through?

## HAVE YOU A GOAT IN YOUR HOME?

HOW would you like to be the milk man?" asks Mr. N. C. Maris in the *Angora and Milk Goat Journal*.

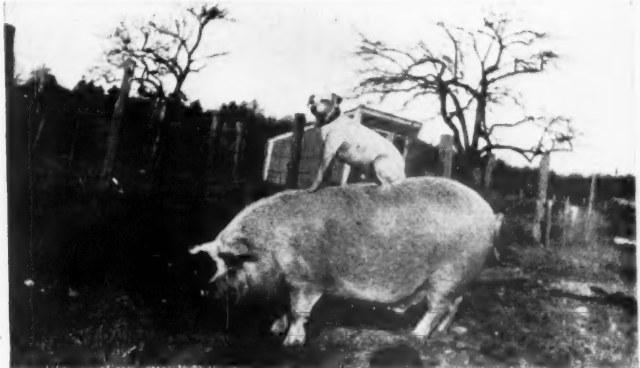
This is not a joke, but a serious question which is being put to thousands of boys and girls in the schools of Portland and other cities of Oregon just now, and, judging by the response and general interest, it looks as if Portland and perhaps some of the other larger cities will soon be dotted with scores of small dairies. Instead of being occupied by cows, these miniature dairies will be filled with what you might call "vest pocket editions" or imitations of that noble animal, all doing their utmost to assist her in meeting the great shortage of milk so essential to the welfare, not only of infants, children and invalids, but of most adults as well.

Goats are intelligent, sensitive and affectionate and make ideal pets for children. They are responsive to kind treatment and, like the dairy cow, will give much better returns at the pail if so treated. It is a splendid thing from a habit and character developing standpoint for a child to associate with, and have the care of such an animal. As they care for and learn to love their goats we hope they will remember the thousands of destitute children in war-ridden, devastated France and Belgium, who formerly depended upon the gentle little goat for their principal nourishment and living, and will be willing and glad to donate a part of the profits from their little goat dairy business to assist in restocking that country with milk goats.

Mr. Maris, who writes the above, is the Field Organizer of Boys' and Girls' Club Work, Oregon State Department of Education. He is promoting the milk goat project in the United States and we hope many of the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will join this promising movement.

## HOW TO BE KIND TO ANIMALS

A GOOD way for children to "be kind to animals" is to look out for the homeless cats in their neighborhood. They may politely ask their friends or neighbors who are going to the country or seashore if they have made arrangements for their cats to be taken care of when they are away. At summer resorts they will see that cats are not left behind at the close of the season.



"SKIP" AND HIS QUEER PLAYMATES

MRS. JAMES WINDLE

SKIP" is the dog in the picture, who, although thirteen years old, has never got into any trouble. He enjoys the companionship of "Mike," the eleven-months-old pig, who attracted much attention from the townspeople, as he had a yard, twenty by one hundred feet, within a few feet of the sidewalk.

Skip also likes to stay in the brooder with the chickens and let them walk all over him, perch on his back and sleep there. This interesting dog, who lives in Brookville, Massachusetts, knows when it is 4.45 P.M., as at that hour daily he goes to the window and sits in a chair waiting for his master to come up the street.



AUTOCRATS AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

LAD — A DOG, Albert Payson Terhune.

"Don't imagine you can buy a dog. You can buy his body. But you must earn his love and obedience and brain-service, which are the best part of him." Thus writes the owner of Lad, a real dog, blue-blooded scion of collie nobility and hero of some of the most gripping tales that have been written in many a day.

With all his fine points, which won for him numerous prizes and blue ribbons, his beauty and superior education, Lad's inherited instinct and native sagacity enabled him to perform remarkable feats whenever and wherever occasion required. Many of these experiences and exploits are related by his master, a thorough dog-man and adept at short story writing.

Coming at a time when so many virulent charges are made against the dog, this collection of true stories is a powerful antidote for the haters and persecutors of the dog, whose title of "man's best dumb friend" is still clear and unimpeachable. It is intimate human comradeship with dogs that calls forth the cardinal canine virtues, and such tales as these make a strong appeal for a more thoughtful and more evenly dispensed justice to the whole dog creation.

349 pp. \$1.75, net. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

## OUR NEIGHBORS — THE ANTS

JUANITA RENFRO

BEING very much annoyed by the frequent visits of our neighbors — the ants — to my flour bin and sugar jar, one day I determined to sweep away their home and see if they would not find a new location, which would be far enough away from my premises to dispense with their visits.

I had never thought that the mounds of loose dirt, which we see on the surface of the ground and call ant hills, were anything extraordinary. When I swept off the loose dirt a small gully of path attracted my attention and I proceeded to examine the ant hill. I found that this little hall or path led to four or five different rooms or holes dug deeper into the earth. As the ants came and went they seemed to know exactly into which room they wished to go.

I dug into one of the rooms, or holes, and found that it was stored full of bread crumbs and small bits of food, which they had carried bit by bit and deposited there. I at once decided that this must be the ants' kitchen.

I dug into another room and found that it was full of little white eggs and baby ants. The other rooms into which I dug were vacant and I suppose that the ants that were away working and carrying food occupied these rooms when they were not working.

When I saw that the ant hill was built so nearly like our own houses (though in a very crude and imaginary way), I felt very much ashamed that I had torn it up and decided that the ants should never be molested by me again but that I would visit them and learn some of their habits.

In tearing down their house several of the ants were killed. I watched and the ants formed in line, two by two. The first two picked up a dead ant and the next two did not, the third two picked up another dead ant and the fourth two did not, and so on until all the dead ants had been picked up. When the first two were tired they laid the dead ant down and the next two picked it up, and in this manner they carried the dead ants to an ant hill some distance away. This hill had evidently been deserted, for there were no ants living there

at this time. When all the dead ants had been placed in this hill the other ants returned to their home.

They began carrying little grains of dirt, and as I did not have the time to watch them longer and knew that the rebuilding would be a slow process I went back to my work. In a day or two I went again to visit my neighbor ants and they had heaped the loose dirt high above their house again and from all appearances had rebuilt it in the same manner as I had found it the morning I swept it away.

They work continually, carrying bread crumbs and small bits of food, and as I watch them I often think that if our housekeepers of today had half the thrift of that ant family, their houses would have a neater appearance and their families would be better satisfied with their homes.

The ants are still my neighbors and I have never molested their home again but have found that they visit me less frequently since I have scattered black pepper about the kitchen and used oil rollers on my kitchen cabinet.

Even the smallest creatures may teach us lessons that the great professors fail to instill in our minds. My neighbors — the ants — have taught me a lesson of thrift that I could not have learned from a text-book.

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

## An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

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The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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